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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Are the Children at Home?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the Western sky,
And the wee ones tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! Are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago."
And I sing in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years.
I know I yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Some times, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babies whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys, that I gave to freedom,
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers bold and brave
They fell; and the flag they died for
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He's only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Faded away in the west,
And the wee ones tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say love! have the children come?"
And I answer with eyes uplifted
"Yes, dear! they are all home!"—*Anon.*

"NUMBER FIFTEEN."

STORY OF A GREAT AMERICAN
PATRIOT.

"What in the world will they do
with it?"

"Isn't it a pity?"

"A pity! it is indeed a pity for
a poor soap boiler to have a family
of that size. Fifteen children and
the father barely able to earn his
salt. I don't see what will become
of this baby."

"Is it a girl?"

"No; it is a boy."

"What have they named it?"

"I am sure I don't know. I
should think they would be tired of
trying to find names for so many
children, and just call this one
"Number Fifteen."

It was way back in the early part
of the last century that this con-
versation took place between two
women in a small shop in Boston.
Mrs. Smith had gone in to make a
friendly call on Mrs. Bacon, the
keeper of the shop, and to impart
the news that their neighbors, the
Franklins, over the way, had
added a fifteenth child to the
family.

Mr. Franklin was a poor soap
boiler and a tallow chandler. The
arrival of this child caused a great
deal of discussion among the neigh-
bors; and even the father and
mother as they looked upon the
wee specimen of humanity,
wondered how in the world they
would feed and clothe him, and
could not avoid feeling that he was
one too many.

"Yet God will provide," said the
mother as she cuddled "Number
Fifteen" in her arms.

Boston was full of seafaring
men, at this time, and as Number
Fifteen grew into early boyhood,
his father was very much afraid
that he might choose this manner
of life. One of the older sons had
run away to sea some years before,
and Mr. Franklin felt very badly
over it. He kept this lad very busy
cutting wicks for the candles, and
filling the moulds with tallow, and
helping him about his soap boiling.

But the little fellow did not like
the work, and the moment he was
free, he would run to the water and
paddle about in the boats, and
practice swimming and diving, and
fish for minnows in the salt marshes
near Boston.

"Number Fifteen" was a leader
among the boys he played with,

and he was far ahead of them all in
his knowledge of books. Although
he had been sent to school only two
years, he was able to read books
belonging to his father and in order
to keep his mind from a sea-faring
life, Mr. Franklin decided to make
a printer of his son. One of his
older brothers had a printing of-
fice, and "Number Fifteen" was
apprenticed to him. It sometimes
happens that two brothers who go
into the same business do not agree,
especially if one has authority over
the other. At all events, when he
was scarcely seventeen years old,
Number Fifteen left home, and by
selling some of the books he had
accumulated, he obtained money
enough to pay his passage on a
sloop to New York.

In New York he tried vainly to
get work as a printer, but no one
wanted him.

"You might try in Philadelphia
or in Boston," one man said to
him. "There is no place for you
here."

As he had just left Boston, the
boy had no desire to return there,
so he turned his attention to
Philadelphia.

In 1723 there was no railway to
take one in two hours from New
York to Philadelphia. So "Num-
ber Fifteen" had to take a sailboat
to Amboy first. When he was
about half way to his destination a
squall arose suddenly, tore his sail
to tatters, and drove his boat into
anchor close to Long Island shore.
Here he lay all night, with the
water soaking through his clothing,
and it was thirty hours before he
reached Amboy or tasted food.

He had scarcely any money, and
to save what he had he walked
from Amboy to Burlington. There
was a pouring rain, and when he
arrived at an inn in Burlington, he
was a sight to behold. Wet, soiled,
spattered with mud, the people
mistook him for a runaway bond
servant, and talked about arresting
him.

Poor "Number Fifteen!" he
made up his mind that day that he
was, even as Mrs. Smith and Mrs.
Bacon had said seventeen years
before, "one too many" in the
world.

From Burlington he went to
Philadelphia in a row boat. Some
men were about to make the trip,
and they gave the boy a seat on
condition that he would lend a
hand at the oars. It was dark
when they reached Philadelphia
and there were no street lamps.
The men rowed by the city without
seeing it, and finally on discovering
their error were too tired to return.
So they landed and made a fire of
fence rails and slept in their boat
until morning when they rowed
back to town.

"Number Fifteen" bade his com-
panions adieu, and walked up the
street to a baker's shop where he
bought three large rolls. His
clothes were dirty and wrinkled
and from his coat pockets protruded
a spare shirt and stockings which
he had carried with him. As he
walked along, a pretty girl stand-
ing in front of her father's house,
laughed at him. It was in mere
youthful spirits she laughed, and
no doubt "Number Fifteen," walk-
ing along the street munching one
roll and carrying the others under
his arm, was a droll sight. Mean-
time, had pretty Miss Deborah
known all the sorrows and trials
and hardships through which this
lad had passed, she would have
wept instead of laughing. Indeed
she did weep over the tale of those
hardships later on.

It is so with us all. Often and
often we laugh, and pass witty or
sarcastic remarks about people
whose lives would bring the tears
to our eyes if we knew them.

Well, "Number Fifteen" landed
in Philadelphia alone, poor and
friendless, but he soon found work
in a printing office. His great love
for good books, kept him from
making bad acquaintances, or
forming bad habits. Every hour
was spent in work or sleep or he
was given to reading and study and
he soon became noted for his knowl-
edge. One day the printer for
whom he worked came rushing into
the room saying:

"Sir William Keith is at the
door! Think of the honor to my
office to receive such a visitor."

"Sir William Keith was gover-

nor of the province of Penn-
sylvania, and he with another
gentleman dressed with powdered
wig and silver knee buckles came
straight into the office and said to
Mr. Kreimer: "We have heard
much of a very learned lad who
works for you—Franklin by name.
We wish to take him away with us
to the tavern for a friendly chat."

After that day, "Number Fif-
teen" grew so celebrated and popu-
lar, that he was soon able to make
a triumphant return home to Bos-
ton to visit his parents. He wore
a fine suit of clothes, carried a
watch and was altogether quite a
different being from what he was
when he left home.

Later on he went to London, but
not to remain. He went home to
study and learn all he could, and
he returned to Philadelphia and
soon afterward started a printing
office of his own. He had to run
in debt for his press and type; and
he worked early and late until he
paid for them. Everybody was
talking about his industry, his
learning, his good habits, and
when he started a newspaper it
was the very best one in all
America.

Then a strange thing happened.
"Number Fifteen" married the
very girl who had laughed at him
that morning of the arrival and
Deborah Read became his life
companion and helped in the little
stationery shop and in every way
a good wife can help, by economy,
and sympathy, and he grew to be a
rich man.

Meantime he was studying lan-
guages, without a teacher, and
thinking up new inventions to help
people. He invented a small iron
fireplace, to save heat and fuel;
and he founded a high school, and
he raised troops and armed them for
the French war.

Then he did a wonderful thing,
and I think by this time you will
begin to suspect who "Number
Fifteen" is.

He is no other man than Ben-
jamin Franklin, the fifteenth child
of his parents.

The most wonderful thing he did
was to discover the secrets of the
lightning, and to invent the light-
ning rod which takes the electric-
ity from the air and sends it into
the earth.

This discovery astonished the
whole world! All the learned
men were very much surprised to
think Franklin had never been to
school but two years in his life.

The part Franklin took in the
Revolutionary War, I am sure all
my readers know; he was sent to
France and appeared in courts and
before kings, and was greatly
sought after the world over; and
he died at an advanced age, the
most honored man in America
next to Washington.

Yet this was "Number Fifteen,"
the poor soap boiler's son whom
the neighbors thought ought never
to have been born.—*Young
People's Weekly.*

Torture by Drops of water.

"One of the Chinese modes of
punishment, especially when a
confession is wanted from a crim-
inal, is to place him where a drop
of water will fall upon one certain
spot in his shaven crown for hours,
or days, if necessary. The torture
inflicts is proved by an experi-
ence of Sandow, the strong man.
When he was in Vienna a few
years ago a school-teacher bet him
that he would not be able to let a
half-liter of water drop upon his
head until the measure was ex-
hausted. A half-liter is only a
little more than a pint. Sandow
laughed at the very idea of his not
being able to do this. So a half
liter measure was procured, and a
hole drilled in the bottom just suf-
ficient to let the water escape drop
by drop. Then the experiment
began. Sandow laughed and chat-
tered gayly at first. The school-
master kept count upon the number
of drops. At about the 200th San-
dow grew a little more serious.
Soon an expression of pain crossed
his face. With the entrance into
the third hundred his hand began
to swell and grow red. Then the
skin burst. The pain grew more
and more excruciating. Finally,
at the 420th drop, Sandow had to
give up and acknowledge himself
vanquished."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

NEW YORK.

A Day at the Great Coney Island.

R. R. TWEED GETS TWO YEARS.

Ad. Ekardt's Great Haul—Notes for
the Bicyclists—Levy-Raines Nup-
tials—Return and Departure of
Vacationers—A Variety of In-
teresting Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 236 East
50th Street, New York City.

When I spoke of South Beach as
a superior place in certain respects
to Coney Island for a quiet Sun-
day's recreation, the friends of
Coney Island went for me, and
challenged me to visit that greatest
of all cities by the sea of a Sunday,
and although I had not done so
before for many seasons, for re-
ligious scruples or either for fear
of the great crowds (most likely it
was the former) I was at last per-
suaded to go there Sunday, and I
saw and beheld with awe-inspir-
ing pulsation the throbbing move-
ments of the greatest concentration
of humanity at a great and wicked
seaside place. I say "wicked,"
because after all my biblical teach-
ings I never saw so much wicked-
ness as exemplified at this resort,
and the wonder is that all roads
from Coney do not lead to Sing
Sing.

Coney is gay, glorious, and not
another seaside resort can hold a
candle to it. Not all of Coney is
bad. It simply has more black
sheep than the proverbial one, and
these are not the visitors, but the
numerous fakirs who stop at noth-
ing to rake in the shekels.

"Step right in, this way, the
grandest thing you ever saw; here!
here! now lively! Come on!
Come on!! Come on!!! Only
ten cents; worth a dollar? Yes,
yes, go in. Hey there, you go in;
good, good; Come on, more of
you."

In this way the fakirs shout at
the top of their voices, their faces
burning a purplish hue with the
exertion. This, however, is con-
fined to the "Midway," which is a
part of the "Bowery," while there
are other parts of the beach that
are respectable, save for a majority
of the so-called concert halls, in
several of which one with any
instinct of morality ought to be
ashamed to be seen.

The bathing, however, is ex-
cellent, and the life-saving service
has a reputation to uphold. Sun-
day, in front of Stauch's Pavilion,
one of the deaf, who cannot swim,
in some manner lost hold of the
life ropes and in an instant was un-
able to control himself. The ever-
watchful eyes of the life guards
had witnessed his odd manoeuvre
and just as he in some way again
caught hold of the ropes, which
were under water, he felt the
strong hand of the life guard lift-
ing him up. Their services were
hardly needed, but the bather had
a scare that was best shown by his
deathly pallor of his face.

The waves were not high that
day, but at intervals there were
unusually large ones, and it was
one of these that stole up behind
one of the deaf and nearly stupied
him against one of the posts.

I believe there were fifty at Co-
ney that day, and most all con-
gregated at the popular Louis
Stauch's Pavilion. Mr. Stauch has
a deaf brother, John, who looks to
the interests of the deaf there.

R. R. Tweed, who has gained
some notoriety as a tramp printer
and a board-bill jumper, is now,
according to the Brooklyn dailies,
serving a two years' sentence for
robbery. The particulars, so far
as can be learned, are that while
boarding with or enjoying the
hospitality of J. M. P. Davis, the

notorious alphabet-card peddler,
or his brother, Tweed stole a gold
watch valued at \$40, and absented
himself but not from the neighbor-
hood, with the result that a war-
rant was secured and placed in the
hands of a detective, who found
him standing in front of a saloon.
He was placed under arrest, but
broke away and darted into the
saloon. The detective ran around
to the side door, and as Tweed
came running out he fell into the
embrace and was hustled off to the
station and held in default of bail,
and his hearing set for last Tues-
day.

At the hearing Tweed made
another bold attempt to gain his
liberty. He asked permission of
the police to tie his shoe string,
and this being granted he stooped
and made an attempt to trip the
policeman up, but was grabbed in
the act and a close watch was
placed on him.

After hearing the evidence,
Tweed, was according to the Brook-
lyn Eagle, sentenced to two years
in prison.

R. R. Tweed was graduated
school four or five years ago, and
was a bright fellow, a good com-
positor, and could have got along
very well. But he left place after
place, gambled and went from
town to town, contracting debts all
along the line, and finally settles
down in Philadelphia, and was
supposed to have reformed. But
his desire for New York and its
gayeties soon overcame him, and
he came here, telling his friends to
see his father off for Europe, and
was to return to Philadelphia, but
instead he drifted to evil quarters,
with the above result.

His father is a compositor in
Boston, and his mother is now the
wife of Ex-Consul Reed, of Nassau,
West Indies, both of whom have
disowned him owing to his dis-
honesty. Tweed's greatest ability
was in telling stories that he had a
weakness for unconsciously con-
tradicting after a lapse of time.

The horrible accident at Atlantic
City last week recalls to many the
scene of their merriment there last
June on the excursion from Phila-
delphia. The wreck and loss of
life as pictured in the despatches
is sad to contemplate. Such a
catastrophe might have occurred
at any time, and that it didn't on
that particular occasion, the deaf
should feel thankful.

Sunday a week ago, several of
our crack anglers, including Ad.
Ekardt, F. W. Meinken and a hear-
ing friend, Mr. Malt, went to South
Beach, and there cast their lines at
about three o'clock. Mr. Meinken
hauled in a crab, and Mr. Malt a
bunch of mud clams, while the
scribe, who had tired of the mono-
tony of the long wait for a bite,
and had neglected his line, was
soon startled by seeing his line
twist and snap, sending sprays of
water from it. He grabbed hold of
it and began pulling in the line
with long powerful pulls, while the
tugging at the other end was won-
derful for the finny inhabitants of
shallow water. He landed one of
the beautifullest of the finny tribe,
which proved to be a 12½ pound
bass. This so disgusted Ad. Ek-
ardt that he went and danced a
jig for luck. He had the same luck
as the scribe and commenced to
haul in his line, and securing a
good foothold, and giving warn-
ing to his neighbors, he pulled out
—a tin can; and at once beat a hasty
retreat amid roars of laughter.
The 12½ pound bass caught by the
scribe was declared by old fisher-
man to be the best catch of the
season at that place. (I feel queer
after saying the above.)

The number of the deaf who own
and ride wheels is increasing. The
latest is John Stauch, who was
presented with a Columbia on
August 1st, his birthday. He has
not yet learned to ride, but no
doubt in a week will be spinning
along the bicycle paths at Coney
Island with the grace of an expert.

J. Buckley, a knight of the stick
and rule, is now a cyclist.
While there is now some earnest
talk about forming a bicycle club
as an annex to the Quad Club, I
have just been informed of a bi-
cycle club already organized in

Brooklyn. They claim about twenty
members, and the officers who
guide the affairs of the "Gold Star
Wheelmen" are: William Moore,
President; Fred G. Backhaus,
Vice-President; Vincent P. Kelly,
Captain, and V. H. Massack, Se-
cretary and Treasurer. They ex-
tend an invitation to Brooklynites
to join. No dues are asked at
present. The secretary's address
is 215 Nassau Street, Brooklyn.

The wedding bells are again
ringing, and this time the happy
couple who were joined are: Marx
Levy and Alice Raines. They
were married on Wednesday, July
29th, by a Rabbi, several of their
deaf friends being present. The
best wishes of their friends go with
them.

Chas. LeClereq recently broke
his "Erie" in a bad place, but in
the fall suffered little injury. The
wheel is conval—has been mended
since.

Several of the deaf cyclists, in-
cluding Soper, Meinken and Me-
Manus, took a spin to Long Branch
last Sunday.

Mr. M. R. Palmer came down
from Albany last Thursday, and
left Monday with his wife for home
in Albany. Mrs. P. had been here
three weeks with her parents. Mr.
Palmer regretted he could not stay
longer, as they are very busy at the
State Printer's where he has been
for nearly ten years as stone hand.
He says that almost all the work
there is done, by the linotype
machines.

W. O. Fitzgerald arrived back
to town Saturday from a two
weeks' vacation.

Miss Olin has returned from a
week's stay in Asbury Park.

P. J. Redington has been enjoy-
ing a little vacation down at Bar
Harbor.

Holy Communion was adminis-
tered to the attendants at St. Ann's
church (in St. John's) Sunday, by
Rev. Mr. Chamberlain.

Theo. Lorer was last week ac-
cidentally cut in the neck by a
barber, the gash being nearly two
inches long. A doctor was sum-
moned and the wound stitched.
The police insisted on arresting
the barber.

Miss Lagai Fenalli, a pretty
Italian pupil of the Fanwood
School, now home for her vacation,
will spend a week some where in
Long Island. Miss Louise Kum-
mer, another pupil, was tendered
a birthday party by her friends
last week.

Willie Long and Martin Glynn
took a spin to Tarrytown Saturday
to see some so-called "Field Team"
whipped by the locals.

There was a party at Mrs. C. T.
Thompson, last week, a sort of fare-
well to Mrs. Thompson and Miss
Minnie Kugeler, who have gone to
Sullivan County for a month.
They will put up at the boarding
house of Miss Hannah Henry's
brother, Mr. Thompson in the
meantime is wedded to his wheel.

A game of baseball was played
on the Central Park diamond
Saturday by a picked nine of deaf-
mutes and a hearing team, the
latter winning by the score of 19 to
5.

S. Frankenheim now rides a Re-
mington—one of the finest makes
of bicycles.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman came
to town Saturday accompanied by
Mrs. Roberts, with whom they
had been staying for two weeks.
They left Tuesday for Liberty, N.
Y., where they will stay till Sep-
tember 1st.

Ad. Ekardt ran up to Cornwall
Sunday to see his sons who are
camping there with the Baptist
Church brigade. His youngest son
recently won a swimming race
while there. They are both fliers,
and it would be hard to find a pair
of youngsters to beat them.

The New Jersey Society's picnic
is drawing near. Bear the date in
mind—Saturday, August 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz
and son Albert, spend Sunday at
North Beach.

A Miss Hall, a former pupil at
Fordham, died at her home on East
57th Street last week.

Rev. Joseph M. Stadelman, S.
J., director of the Xavier Union,
has been transferred to Frederick,
Md., and his place will be taken
by Rev. Edward H. Rookwell, of
Woodstock, Md.

Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, T. F.
Fox, A. L. Pach, Thomas Godfrey
and Henry L. Juhling, who went to
the Rochester convention, have
returned.

The N. E. G. A. Convention at
Providence, R. I., will be attend-
ed by a few from this city and
Brooklyn.

Mr. Percival Hall, of the
faculty of Gallaudet College, is in
town for a few days, having come
from the Adirondacks where he had
for a companion Mr. Ely.

L. Hermann had his hand severely
cut two weeks ago by the burst-
ing of a bottle of soda water, in the
works where he is employed. A
few stitches put it on the mend.

Henry Schnakenberg has pur-
chased the well-known Duryea
photograph gallery in Brooklyn.
He has for years been an amateur
photographer, and his vacation as
a press feeder not being a profit-
able one, his father assisted him in
becoming owner of this gallery.

Henry Betz is perhaps the only
deaf member of Waring's "White
Wings." He is in the Street Clean-
ing Department and proving satis-
factory. It seems a pesky business
for a deaf-mute to undertake such
a job as cleaning the streets in a
big city.

Robert H. Grant and H. Rei-
mann, of Livingston, N. Y., are in
town. Mr. Grant is looking for a
clerical position. He is strongly
recommended.

TED.

He was Deaf.

PRINCETON, IND., July 25.—William
Hackmaster, a well-to-do farmer, aged 60,
residing at Hanabstadt, 11 miles south of
this city, was struck by an Evansville and
Terre Haute passenger train this morning
and instantly killed. He was deaf.

Sisters Three.

"There is in Tennessee a family of three
sisters which presents some of the most
startling peculiarities imaginable," said a
gentleman from the State in question who
is staying at one of the New Orleans hotels.
"The three sisters live together on a
farm, their sole means of subsistence, and
work early and late to earn a livelihood.
Two of them work in the field; the third
does the cooking and other housework.
There is but one period of the year when
any member of the trio has anything to say
to any other member. All during the
winter, spring and summer they go about
their business with the seal of silence on
their lips. When the fall comes and the
crop is harvested they break the silence,
and then only to quarrel over the division
of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in
getting all that she thinks possible, silence
begins again and continues until the next
harvest time. The sisters have made a
name for themselves. They are known far
and near as the 'deaf and dumb triplets,'
although this title is scarcely appropriate."
—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A Queer Misunderstanding.

A certain East End man is growing more
and more deaf, and greatly dislikes to ad-
mit it. He makes a brave pretence of
understanding what is said to him, and
this frequently entails amusing mistakes.

Not long ago a neighbor met him and
said:

"Perhaps you haven't heard about the
agreeable visitor that arrived at our house
yesterday?—a fine baby boy—a perfect
cherub?"

The deaf man smiled pleasantly and re-
plied:—

"Oh, we have lots of 'em at our house.
My wife gets 'em by the bushel. Stews 'em,
you know, and puts 'em up. She put up
more'n forty cans this summer. Yes, in-
deed."

"Why," said the bewildered neighbor,
"what did you think, I said?"

"Yes, she likes the red kind best," con-
tinued the afflicted citizen. "Says they
ain't so tough. Is yours the black sort?"

"Sir!" cried the indignant neighbor,
"what are you talking about?"

The deaf man heard this.

"Why, cherries, of course," he pleasantly
remarked. "That's what you said, isn't
it?"

But the neighbor walked along without
explaining.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, July 26th, Alice Raines
and Marx Levy, both of New York City,
were united in the holy bonds of matri-
mony.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose
to play our dreams repeat the wish-
es of the day.—*Claudius.*

The most certain sign of being
born with great entities is to be
born without envy.—*Rocheffoucauld.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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"He's true to God who's true to man; Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

THE FATAL RAILROAD TRACK.

It has at last been satisfactorily decided that the bicycle is no match for the locomotive. In a contest for the "right of way" a deaf bicyclist had to yield to the steed of steel and steam, and it would be well for all other aspirants for railroad honors to cherish the lesson imparted. Charles Allard lost his life while riding his bicycle across the railroad track. He was not an ignorant and thoughtless deaf-mute. On the contrary, he was a former student of Gallaudet College; a man who read the newspapers for the deaf and the newspapers for the hearing; a printer at the Government office at Washington; a bright, active, all-round intelligent young man. It is just this bodily activity and quick intelligence that leads people into danger. In the long and ever lengthening list of fatalities on the railroad, we know of scarcely a half-dozen instances where the deaf victim was what is termed "stupid and half-educated." Almost without exception, the death roll has been filled with names of the deaf who were regarded as "superior" in intelligence and education and noted for their alert activity. On Saturday last, the editor had an example of this recklessness shown him by a party of young and intelligent deaf-mutes, composed of ladies and gentlemen, and he read them a lesson which, if it secured their ill-will—as it seemed to—was at least effective. A quartet of deaf-mutes were talking together and crossing a railroad track at the beach of Lake Ontario. Becoming animated in their conversation, they stopped in the middle of the track and calmly kept up the discussion. The editor warned them off, but was told that there was no train in sight and that they were smart enough to take care of themselves. We replied that "all the rest of the fools said the same thing before they were killed by the cars." This remark was construed as an insult, but they moved at once to safer ground. Of course, there was no danger at that particular time, as far as observation went. But it is important to impress upon the deaf, especially the "smart" deaf, that there is always danger on a railroad track.

We have been accused of flippancy and charged with being unfeeling in our editorial references to the deaf and their carelessness on the railroad. That the friends of every victim have felt great sorrow at the untimely death of those they loved we very well know. And our sympathy has gone out to them. But it is a duty to save others from a similar fate, and sarcasm and ridicule are more likely to be remembered and to carry a lasting good influence, than a few perfunctory words of condolence. It should be known to the deaf that death on the track does not make them martyrs, and that grief for their death is greatly mitigated by the fact that it was the result of their own foolishness.

Read the full report of the Empire State Association in this issue. Next week we will have the report of the New England Convention.

ITEMIZER. ROCHESTER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

A party of deaf-mutes are going down to Pleasure Bay, N. J., to remain till Sunday evening.

The engagement of Mr. Thomas J. Grogan to Miss Isabella McLaren, of Jersey City, is announced.

Mr. C. A. Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., is stopping at Dr. Stark's Hotel, in Ocean Grove, N. J., for two weeks.

Henry B. Plunkett, Secretary of the Milwaukee Deaf-Mute Club, was in Chicago the 1st and 2d insts. He attended the Pas-a-Pas Club's meeting Saturday.

Messrs. Frank, Regensbarg, Sonneborn, Mesdames Luttrell and Left and Miss Wayman, all of Chicago, are spending a week's outing at Paw Paw Lake, Mich.

St. David's chapel, now used as a mission chapel and rented by Rev. Mr. Cartwright, has lately been wantonly desecrated by some boys. Bibles, altars, etc., had been overturned and scattered away. The police are now after the boys.

The Pas-a-Pas Wheelmen, of Chicago, gave their first club run, Saturday, the 2d. Manhattan Beach (Chicago's, not New York's Manhattan) was the destination. The "Wheelmen" are an auxiliary organization of Chicago's club of the same name.

On July 26th, the baseball club of Greencastle Hubs, went to Brazil, Ind., and played a game with the team of that place. Kline, the Gallaudet pitcher, did good work in the box for the visitors, but the game was won by the Brazil team, 7 to 3.

Messrs. LeClercq and Holbrook, who were at Pleasure Bay, N. J., July 25th, fell from their tandem on their ride to Asbury Park and back from that place, but notwithstanding they covered the distance, which is over twenty-two miles, in forty minutes.

Early last Saturday morning, a fire in the lodge rooms under the Pas-a-Pas rooms nearly caused the club to lose its quarters. The damage to the lower floors was about \$1000; the club suffered a little through smoke and water, but \$25 will cover its loss.

Messrs. Geo. S. Porter, of Trenton, N. J., and Clarence Boxley, will go to Pleasure Bay, Long Branch, N. J., from Asbury Park, N. J., Saturday, the 8th, on their wheels. Mr. Anthony Capelli is expected to join them there at four o'clock in the afternoon.

First Deaf-Mute (in the sign alphabet)—"My wife keeps the gas lighted at night to find out my secrets." Second Dito—"Has she succeeded yet?" First—"No; but I have to sleep with my hands under me to keep from talking in my sleep."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mr. and Mrs. Leary, of Tarrytown, N. Y., passed the 24th anniversary of their marriage on the 8th of July. They will spend this month with Mrs. Leary's mother, Mrs. A. Gregg, at Castle, N. Y. They expect to attend the Pioneer's Picnic, at Silver Lake, Perry, N. Y., on August 6th.

On Saturday, August 8th, the Deaf-Mute Field Club will play the nine of Hamburg, N. J.; on August 15th, they play the Hospital team at Morris Plains, N. J.; August 22d, at South Side Park, Brooklyn, E. D.; they play the Ten Eycks, and on the 29th cross bats with the Lynbrook (L. I.) team.

New York City will have a deaf-mute bicycle club, to be known as the Fanwood Wheelmen, and only members of the Fanwood Quad Club will be allowed to join; but the Fanwood Quad Club will not have any jurisdiction over the management; it will, the promoters assert, be an independent organization, whose aim will tend to promote sports.

The Pas-a-Pas Club, of Chicago, gives an excursion to Joliet, Ill., Saturday, August 15th. The route (Santa Fe Railroad) allows those attending to have an excellent view of the great drainage canal, as the road runs along the canal for about twenty-three miles. The State Penitentiary at Joliet will be visited by the party. Train leaves the Polk Street Depot at 7:35 A. M.; fare, \$1.04 round trip.

Messrs. Thomas Godfrey and Henry L. Juhning, Vice-President of Empire State Association, arrived home in Brooklyn on Monday morning. They left Rochester on Sunday evening, after a week's enjoyable wanderings in the central part of New York State. They have visited the famous Niagara Falls, and the Watkins Glen, and places of interest outside of the city of Rochester. They made new friends in the city.

Hoy, in a fit of anger, broke the Reds' butt in the first game yesterday. He attempted to butt with it, but went out on three foul strikes. This so angered him that he struck the bat on the ground with all his force. The bat was turned out of a piece of soft, punky ash, and it was impossible to "drive" the ball with it. The Reds used it exclusively for bunting. The blow that Hoy struck the ground with it was too much for its frail structure, and now Buck is on the lookout for another piece of soft wood to make into a bunt bat.—*Clin Enquirer*.

Killed on the Rail.

Charles Allard, ex-'93 of Gallaudet College, was recently killed, while crossing the railway track on his bicycle. He was a printer by occupation, and had been employed for several years in the Government Printing Office at Washington.

Eighteenth Meeting of the Empire State Association.

AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 31—AUGUST 1.

A Full Account of the Proceedings of the Meeting.

Specialty Reported for the JOURNAL.

ROCHESTER, July 31, 1896.—The 18th convention of the Empire State Association began its sessions at 9.30 A. M., in the assembly room of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet opened the meeting with prayer.

Mr. T. H. Jewell was selected as President *pro tem.*, as Mr. Van Allen, the president, and Vice-President Boxley were both absent. Treasurer Pimm read a list of members who had paid their dues, and together with those who paid in the afternoon, more than sixty names were on the roll. This was not as many as the attendance warranted, as over on hundred persons were present.

The presiding officer, Mr. Jewell, made the following address, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet reading it orally:—

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—This meeting is the eighteenth in the history of our association, which was organized in 1865—thirty-one years ago. Our meetings have been held in the various principal cities of the State, some biennially, others annually, and have been of great benefit to the deaf.

The aim of the association is to promote the welfare in every respect of its members and of other deaf-mutes. More particularly, it is designed to cultivate feelings of friendship among the members and to form a bond of union and afford an organization by which they may act together for the common good.

That it has done good work in its endeavors to advance the interests of the deaf, and to the understanding of the public, and to disseminate the truth through the public press, looked after legislation, and shown up the absurdity of some theories concerning the deaf, is a fact which has gathered and is still collecting some valuable statistics bearing on the deaf; guarded their interests in various ways, and has given the hearing public a correct understanding of the different systems employed in their instruction.

We always welcome any co-operation or assistance, and wish the members to stand by their own state association. This they can do, at least, by renewing their membership and increasing the roll by inducing others to join.

We are here to-day in one of the most beautiful cities of the state, appropriately called "The City of Flowers," where we will enjoy a pleasant time. We hope that this gathering will be as profitable and enjoyable as any of those of former occasions.

At last meeting here, "the church mission to the deaf" has extended its work to the western, central and eastern parts of the state, so that the deaf in those sections are no longer isolated. As the language, at stated times, and have the services of one of their own class. This is something that had long been desired, and has been longed for by their brethren in attendance and support.

The Gallaudet Home for the aged and infirm deaf, in which we take much interest, has been enlarged and improved. As the contributions for its support, which come from the benevolent public, are not always sufficient to meet the running expenses, we hope to enlarge and improve it. As the contributions for its support, which come from the benevolent public, are not always sufficient to meet the running expenses, we hope to enlarge and improve it.

In this world we find ourselves among people who can hear and speak, and, since we cannot hear or speak, we must learn to make our needs known in some way. Interference is something we cannot dispense with. This we generally carry on by the aid of paper and pencil, yet a pleasanter, prettier, and more convenient way is by the manual alphabet. Our personal friends understand its use, but it is surprising the general public do not, considering it is so simple and easy to learn and could be of much advantage to them as well as to the deaf themselves. Instances have often been cited how this noiseless way of communication has helped those so unfortunate who find themselves out of trying positions. There have been doctors who advised their patients and those in charge of the sick to learn its use. On the whole, an universal knowledge of its use would do no harm, but very much good. The alphabet cards, which we distribute so freely among the public, seem to be used only by our friends and circle of friends, who while they enjoy conversing with us thereby, bring us into closer relations with each other. We would rejoice if its use were only by the public servants and those employees of railroads with whom we are so often brought in contact. Also if it could find its way into the second and third readers, or better still, if its instruction was made compulsory in the public schools, such a measure would be a blessing to future generations, and we may all live to see it brought about.

Mr. Selinay commented upon the importance of the deaf of a widespread knowledge of the manual alphabet among the public. He told of his experience in Rochester about ten years ago. He was looking for a certain street and being a stranger stepped into a store to make inquiries, and was astonished and delighted to be answered in the finger language. Boarding a car, his astonishment was renewed at finding the conductor could also spell on his fingers.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson said that the text book suggestion had been acted upon, and he believed the manual alphabet was now incorporated in many of the text books of the public schools. He told of Mr. Souweine's (the New York wood engraver) ingenious device of having the alphabet printed on

rules that contained his business advertisement and distributing them among the public. This plan was also followed by Mr. Pach, while in business in Easton, Pa. Mr. Hodgson commended the Gallaudet Home to all the deaf and their friends as worthy of support.

Rev. Mr. Mann, J. R. Pimm, and Dr. Gallaudet, spoke on the alphabet question and also on the Home for Aged and Infirm.

Mr. Dantzer told how a certain medicine was advertised in the letters of the manual alphabet. One day on the train an honest looking old granger, discovering that he was a deaf-mute, attracted his attention, and spelled "swamp root." It was all the alphabet he knew, and he had learned it from the advertisement.

Treasurer Pimm then read the following report, which was audited and found correct by the committee appointed, Messrs. Fox, Pach and Stowell.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts.

Aug. 1895.—Balance on hand from Saratoga Convention..... \$5.30
Members' fees..... 29.00
From reception..... 5.00
Total..... 39.30

Expenses.

Paid C. O. Dantzer, Pres. (travelling expenses)..... \$12.00
Paid J. H. Eddy, Secy. (travelling expenses)..... 12.00
Paid S. R. Woodworth, Treasurer (travelling expenses)..... 6.00
Paid to Janitor..... 2.00
Expenses of reception..... 4.50
Balance in treasury..... 80
Total..... 37.30

Mr. Fox, Chairman of the Committee on Statistics, stated that no meeting of the committee had been held, but that work was progressing. He suggested that the association apply to the Government at Washington for the Census report.

Mr. Westervelt, Principal of the Rochester Institution, in graceful signs, invited all to a reception at the Institution at 5 P. M. His invitation was accepted, with a vote of thanks.

Mr. Dantzer, secretary of the committee on statistics, made the following report:—

"In the earlier part of this year I have done little but talk and correspond with some of the members of the Committee, as well as others, as to the best way of securing the statistics called for. But it was only a short time ago that I have come to a definite plan to collect these statistics. I have now as my personal property a drawer into which I have arranged an index file. One file is devoted to deaf-mute statistics. The file is arranged according to the counties in the mission field to which I am restricted; and the names of deaf-mutes from each county is arranged alphabetically. I hope Mr. Van Allen will arrange a similar index for those residing in his field, and if I can induce one of the New York missionaries to do the same, we will then be able to reach all the deaf-mutes. The way I have worked was to distribute among the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the different missionary stations blank sheets, asking for the name, residence, school attended, religion, year of birth, and occupation. Aside from the names I myself obtain at my church services, these intelligent assistants secure the names and statistics of many deaf-mutes from outlying places. When the statistics are returned, I copy each name with the statistics on a separate card and deposit it in the proper file. I have given out a number of these blank sheets, but few have as yet been returned to me. Still I have secured, partly from old records I had on hand, 136 names, and of these I will give the results of my findings.

1-85 yrs old	1-54 yrs old	3-34 yrs old
1-81	1-51	5-33
1-76	1-50	1-32
1-75	6-48	4-31
2-74	4-47	3-30
1-73	1-46	4-29
1-72	1-45	1-28
1-71	2-43	6-27
1-69	2-42	4-26
1-67	1-41	8-25
1-66	6-40	2-24
2-65	6-40	3-23
2-63	1-39	2-22
1-61	2-38	3-21
1-60	2-37	1-20
2-57	2-36	1-19
4-55	5-35	8- not given

"As to occupations, I find there are: 4 servants, 2 cigarmakers, 3 laborers, 24 housewives, 4 carpenters, 2 house painters, 3 shoemakers, 1 in State Prison, 4 farmers, 4 seamstresses, 1 bookbinder, 2 cabinet makers, 1 plasterer, 1 wood carver, 1 tailor, 5 type setters, 4 shoemakers, 1 carriage trimmer, 1 iron moulder, 1 wood polisher, 1 machinist, 1 mason, 5 instructors, 1 clergyman, 1 shipping clerk, 1 factory hand, 1 wood-worker, 1 postal clerk, 1 artist, 1 photographer, 1 "handy-man," and several others doing nothing or no answer to the query not obtained.

"There are seven deaths recorded in this list, and their ages at death are: 77, 66, 56, 55, 45, 36, 34. The causes of the death of six are known, and they are: gastric ulceration, consumption, erysipelas and gangrene, dropsy, abscess, and pneumonia."

The president appointed the following committees:—

Committee on Resolutions.—Messrs. F. L. Selinay, T. F. Fox, J. E. Doran.

Committee of Nominations.—

Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, W. E. Wright, C. W. Stowell.

The following paper was the read by Mr. A. L. Pach:—

CONVENTIONS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is not my intention to speak to those gathered here to-day, for your presence bespeaks your interest in my subject. It is to the non-convention goer that I am speaking, indirectly though it be.

You will all agree with me that our conventions are very far from what they should be, though each year there is some improvement. There is no need either to disguise or mince matters, so let me say at the very outset that the deaf as a body do not take advantage of the benefits that such a body as this confers. If we have the representation of the deaf in the Empire State Association should have, this hall wouldn't hold them all.

What are you going to do about it? The deaf as a body do not make this a truly representative body of the deaf of the great Empire State.

What are New Yorkers going to do to help making a national association one in reality, not in name only?

National associations and State associations ought to be exactly what their titles imply.

Are they? Let us see.

By a fortunate arrangement of dates, the Pennsylvania Association for the Advancement of the Deaf held its annual meeting so that its members could attend the decorations of the national body. Owing to the fact and solely to the fact, the national association had an attendance quite respectable as to numbers, but still very far from what it should have been.

At our meeting at Saratoga, last year, we had but few more than the numerical strength of either one of New York City's social organizations.

Our national convention was attended by only one delegate from west of the Rockies, one from Chicago, two from Indiana, and two from Ohio. The South was not represented, New England sent not a single representative, and New York State (above Harlem River), but one single delegate.

Do we select wrong reasons for our meetings? Do we neglect to secure low fares for our delegates? Do we err in making high price rates for their accommodations? Do we fail to give them interesting meetings? Do we hold our elections and select officers as we should? Do we ask the members of the day to do more than they might be answered, in part, as follows:—

"Not guilty, but don't do it again."

If the questions I asked a moment ago were asked of those who came to the meeting, they might be answered, in part, as follows:—

Let us see. The dates of the national association meetings were fixed solely to make it advantageous for the college student, and the undergraduates, who took advantage of it only to a limited extent, but for the most part the latter did not join the organization, and were merely present as spectators. Had the date been fixed for one week later, there would have been almost as many collegians and a great many more beside. The Christian Endeavor societies to Washington have a single fare for the round trip. The advantage of this low rate would have doubled the number present. The little group of students who are enjoying the future. Select a date and a place that will enable the delegates to travel at a real low rate, and a good attendance is already assured.

As to hotel rates, every body likes to be at "headquarters," and while those who can afford a good price will gladly go to a hotel, those who cannot afford to do so will not, naturally enough, and since this is a pretty well demonstrated fact, committees in future can profit by it. Every-where we go, let us have a single fare, and the comfort and convenience of the majority.

Do away with all high-priced side issues. If an attorney has per defendant, ruler, one dollar affair for the whole body, and a high-priced one for the few. On such occasions, what we dine on is of little consequence, but the food we eat is of great importance. We are dining as a body, that we are gathered for social purposes, primarily, and that the gastronomic feature is not to be neglected.

"I will make it it fully understood that I am not finding fault with our making strictures on any committee of any kind, but I am finding fault with the way we are doing it. We are doing it in a way that is not only unbecomingly, and if personalities were intended I would come under the ban myself, for it was through my services on local committees for several years, and that I learned of so many of the causes of apathy, diffidence, and absenteeism.

Do we fail to give them interesting meetings? Do we neglect to secure low fares for our delegates? Do we err in making high price rates for their accommodations? Do we fail to give them interesting meetings? Do we hold our elections and select officers as we should? Do we ask the members of the day to do more than they might be answered, in part, as follows:—

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convention bodies, and trust that the reform measures outlined will be only weighed, and if found wanting, action can be taken.

The sincerity of the speaker cannot be attacked, since he is not a candidate for office, has no hobby to ride, and simply speaks "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Mr. Fox said the paper just read reminded him of a woman who was surprised in the act of spanking her baby. She was asked why she did it. Had the baby done anything wrong? She replied, "No!" "Then why are you spanking it?" "Oh!" she replied, "just to relieve any feelings." Mr. Fox said the Empire State Association had done and was doing much for the deaf. There were influences at work to keep the deaf apart, and thus destroy their influence as a body. The business meetings of the association might not be always interesting and entertaining, but they were necessary. It was all very well to talk of rotation and "young men" in office, but the so-called young men lacked experience and were deficient in tenacity of purpose. He prophesied that Mr. Pach would later on look back on his present attitude and feel ashamed of it.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey said that there were three causes which accounted for the sparse attendance at conventions—lack of money, narrow mindedness, and prejudice. Many would like to attend meetings, but their financial circumstances would not allow it. Others were too narrow minded to see the benefits of the conventions. Still others were greedy, and wanted all the honors without possessing the brains and experience to perform the duties that the positions required. Mr. Godfrey used to think that a few of the prominent deaf went to the conventions and gobbled up the offices for their personal advantage. He had changed his opinion from experience and observation at conventions.

Mr. Selinay remarked that he had first been a member of the Empire State Association thirty-one years ago. He had been consistent in his advocacy of measures that were helpful to all the deaf. He was glad that Mr. Godfrey had been converted, and hoped that the time would soon come when Mr. Pach would see the error of his ways.

Mr. Eddy spoke on the benefits accruing from convention work. The local committee, through Mr. Dantzer, made announcement of arrangements for religious services, and also for the entertainments—reception, excursion, etc.

A recess was then taken till two P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Rev. Mr. Hart, formerly a teacher in the Rochester Institution, opened the meeting with prayer, which Rev. Dr. Gallaudet rendered in signs.

Mr. J. H. Eddy read a paper on—

DEAF-MUTES AND BICYCLING.

Among the triumphs of inventive genius in the last quarter century there is one that is more beautiful, wonderful and effective than the pneumatic tire safety bicycle. In the last quarter century men have been endowing their brains for ideas to use in the constructing of flying machines yet as far from their goal as ever; but with the wind, and now we can ride the air under our feet instead of our wings. It seems impossible also that any aerial machine could ever be constructed that would call for a little effort from its rider as does the bicycle.

In other marvellous invention our class has had none, or no part, for the reason that they, like the telephone, come to the aid of the ear only, or demand hearing in their manipulation. But now, "when all the world's a wheel," the deaf rider pedals along with the hearing, enjoying the rest the exhilarating sport, drinking in health and strength with the pure air and gladdening his eyes with the ever changing scene.

Most of you can now recall the time, eight or ten years ago, when a wheelman was looked at askance, as a new variety of crank and handle, and "spoke" was the days of tall wheels, and it must be owned that it often took a timid person's breath away to be confronted with a tall wheel, with a tall rider atop it. It almost seemed as if a monster from the sky were falling upon one. Our eyes have become rather blasé from viewing the spectacle, and we do not give it the attention we have brought forth, but to an untutored savage a man astride a wheel would be a wonder past comprehension. Picture to yourself the scene, and you will see that the riders, of Columbus' landing, had been mounted on a tall wheel. No doubt he would have paralyzed the natives.

Two terms ago, when the position of the bicycle was changed from that of a wonderful but hazardous machine to a common vehicle of locomotion, and a tall rider atop it, it was the invention of the drop frame, for ladies completed its popularization. At the rate in which wheelmen are increasing they can soon say of themselves "we are the people," and then those who are not in the swing, or rather not on wheels, will be dubbed cranks. Standing as we do at the "edge of the future," it seems impossible that a more effective complement to man's bodily powers can be devised until the problem of aerial propulsion is solved. That may well be left for the twentieth century; the crank and the drop frame have done their part. The bicycle, as to the physiological effects of the use of the wheel, there is unanimous agreement among high authorities that its use is good for the body, and that it is beneficial. We every day hear it prescribed by skilled physicians for chronic nervous and other ailments. It is only the medical crank and the drop frame who are the people, and then those who are not in the swing, or rather not on wheels, will be dubbed cranks. Standing as we do at the "edge of the future," it seems impossible that a more effective complement to man's bodily powers can be devised until the problem of aerial propulsion is solved. That may well be left for the twentieth century; the crank and the drop frame have done their part. The bicycle, as to the physiological effects of the use of the wheel, there is unanimous agreement among high authorities that its use is good for the body, and that it is beneficial. We every day hear it prescribed by skilled physicians for chronic nervous and other ailments. It is only the medical crank and the drop frame who are the people, and then those who are not in the swing, or rather not on wheels, will be dubbed cranks. 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As time progressed it was felt that this was a proceeding properly open to objection, because it was an unwarranted exercise of authority, and because the schools were liable to be advertised to the world as appendages to the State charity department.

"No objection was ever made to State visitation, itself; the insistence was that it should be made by the proper officials.

"Accordingly, a year ago, the charities law was so amended as to eliminate schools for the deaf from its operation. But the old habit of grouping these schools under the term "Charitable or Eleemosynary institutions" was hard to break, and it persisted until two occurrences sealed the proclamation of emancipation.

"Displeased with continued interference, an institution appealed to the Supreme Court for a peremptory mandamus, and it obtained one in an opinion as clear as it is strong. There is no charity end at all.

"The learned judge says that 'the ruling purpose of all legislation upon the subject is to educate, not to bestow alms. The provisions for maintenance are subordinate and incidental to this object, and one therefore insufficient and inappropriate to determine a classification of the institution more than that which its primary object logically requires.'

"This judicial decision was made on the charities law of 1895; the codification of the charities, in the laws of 1896, is like unto it with this important addition, that in the very first lines of the law institutions for the instruction of the deaf are excepted from the charitable institutions as used in the chapter.

"Therefore, as an Association, we may now declare legally, logically and conclusively what we have claimed, theoretically, many times before; that the education of the deaf is not a charity, and as far as this State is concerned, its supervision is vested alone and entirely in the Department of Public Instruction.

"In the labor involved in the reaching of this satisfactory result, active and honorary members of this Association, true to its traditions and principles, have borne important part."

The Committee on Resolutions, reported as follows, the report being unanimously agreed to:—

Resolved, That the Combined System of educating the deaf is the best on earth.

Resolved, That we denounce the practice of some supervisors of counties in refusing to sign certificates appointing children to institutions for their instruction; and we recommend such cases for the consideration of the government of the State, the executive of our laws.

Resolved, That we congratulate the school deaf of the State, their parents and friends, on their emancipation from classification as charity subjects.

Resolved, That, recognizing the salutary work being accomplished by the Gallaudet School for Aged and Infirm Deaf Mutes, we commend it to the liberal aid and assistance of the deaf and their friends.

Resolved, That we, every possible means for the widest dissemination of the manual alphabet among the hearing as the quickest and most convenient method of communication between the hearing and the deaf.

Resolved, That the State per capita to schools for the deaf should be restored to its original figures.

F. J. SELIXEY, Committee on Resolutions.
T. F. FOX, on
J. E. DORAN, Resolutions.

The Committee on Nominations made the following report:

OFFICERS.

President, T. H. Jewell, Rome; Vice-President, H. L. Juhng, Brooklyn; Secretary, C. O. Dantzer, Rochester; Treasurer, J. R. Pimm, Auburn.

Directors.—T. Godfrey, Brooklyn; T. F. Fox, New York City; C. W. Stowell, Perry.

All of the above were elected without a dissenting vote.

Fully one hundred and fifty deaf-mutes were present during the day.

Adjournment was taken *sine die*, and after the benediction by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, all dispersed.

RECEPTION AT THE ROCHESTER SCHOOL.

After adjournment the members went in a body to the Institution on North St. Paul Street. It is situated on the banks of the Genesee River, the institution grounds reaching to the verge of the precipice that overhangs the water several hundred feet beneath. The river runs through a deep gorge very much like that of the Niagara River below the Falls.

Principal Westervelt and his assistants received all most cordially, and they were shown throughout the buildings and afterwards served with tempting refreshments in the large dining hall.

Later on, all were photographed in a group at the front of the institution. Mr. Pach posed them, and after taking four deliberate shots, resigned them to the mercy of Mr. Eddy, who focussed his little camera and twice transfixed the weary sitters.

It was now half-past seven o'clock, and as the services were to be held in half an hour at St. Paul's Church, all made haste to board the cars for the city.

At 8 o'clock a religious service was held in the chapel of St. Paul's Church, on Mortimer Street. It was largely attended and was very impressive. Evening prayer was read by Rev. Edward P. Hart, of

this city, which was translated to the mutes by Rev. A. W. Mann, of Ohio. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet assisted in the services. The sermon of the evening was delivered by Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of this city, and contained an eloquent tribute to the late Bishop Cox.

"What God desires is a shining, a continuing light. May he grant unto us all the most precious gift of a strong and unwavering faith so that we may at all times live the lives of true Christians. The Christian is taught to say 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' It was His will that we be left bereft of hearing, and some of us of speech, and the reason therefore some of us can explain. A few know that if they had been allowed to retain their sense of hearing the temptations which were once so thick around them would have helped to drag them down into the mire of wickedness and squalor. To such it was a blessing that their deafness made it necessary for them to be taken to one of the State schools for the deaf, where by the refining and benign influence of teachers and officers their whole after lives were changed into something higher and better.

"The leading thought of the epistle and gospel for last Sunday lead us to think of a holy man of God, one who was known by his good fruits, our lately deceased bishop. His blameless and holy life was an inspiring example to all to renewed efforts in attaining to more perfect lives. The last time he confirmed a class of deaf-mutes was in St. James Church, Buffalo, on Monday of Holy Week. He then seemed much worn out by overwork or by illness, but his sermon on the occasion, which was interpreted for the unusually large number of deaf-mutes present, was a masterly one, which many, no doubt, still remember.

"There was one side of the bishop's character which I do not remember to have seen touched upon as yet. It was an absence of ostentation. I met him many times, and at first took it for granted that he knew little about deaf-mutes, and so began at once to tell him all about them and their religious needs. He listened patiently and lovingly to my talk, and yet a few months ago I learned he had come into contact with a great many deaf people and prominent educators, and long before I was born, while he was rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, Md., he founded the mission to deaf-mutes in that parish which has had a continuous and prosperous existence down to the present time."

After the service was finished, an informal reception was given by the delegates in the halls of the New Osburn House. The *Democrat and Chronicle* says of it: "The deaf-mutes gathered together in groups and were as merry a lot of folks as one could wish to meet, only their merriness was strictly confined to themselves. To the outside world they were as quiet and uncommunicative as if they were so many animated machines. But there was something infectious about their smiles, and quick, nervous movements. It was plain to see they understood each other all right, and enjoyed their jokes and ready repartee with infinite zest. To the newspaper men they were attentive and courteous, and answered the questions addressed to them by means of pads with perfect freedom and good nature."

Saturday had been set apart for recreation, and at nine o'clock parties took the electric cars for the railway station, where the steam cars hauled them to "Sea Breeze," a delightful picnic ground on the shore of Lake Ontario. By some mischance a good many went to Ontario Beach, a resort two miles further up. That was the destination of all, but as no one of the local committee was with the "Sea Breeze" crowd, they missed the boat and had to wait about two hours. They denounced the local committee and bewailed their fate. However, by two o'clock the divided forces were reunited at Ontario Beach.

Ontario Beach is quite a "swell" resort, and besides first-class hotel, a grand pavilion, bowling alleys and billiards, and bathing pavilion, there are all the devices for amusement that can be found at popular seashore resorts of the New Jersey coast, excepting the seductive fakir who offers to bet you can't tell which shell the pea is under.

Shooting the chute, and the merry-go-round, were most patronized by the deaf, and the day was one of healthful enjoyment, barring the long wait on the pier at "Sea Breeze."

About a third of the deaf took advantage of the invitation to visit the Powers Art Gallery, but the remainder straggled in at nightfall, just in time for the reception at the New Osburn House.

Taken altogether, the Eighteenth Convention of the Empire State Association was a profitable and enjoyable one. The attendance was larger than any during the past five or six years, and the utmost good order reigned from beginning to end, which must have left a good impression upon the Rochester citizens.

BALTIMORE.

A Trolley Party to Emory Grove.

FUN EN ROUTE AND AT THE GROVE.

An Account of the Party, Which was Very Enjoyable—Other Notes.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 2, 1896.—Things generally are very quiet in this city, but the young people are determined to enjoy themselves, and have as good time as possible. During the past week they had an enjoyable trolley party to Emory Grove, twenty miles from this city and down points in this city. They chartered a car that was decorated with Japanese lanterns. About forty-five deaf-mutes met at the corner of Howard and Franklin Streets, where the car stopped for them to board at eight o'clock. The ride to Emory Grove was enjoyed by the deaf; some of whom managed to make things lively. They threw peanuts, candy, etc., at each other. Mr. Lurmann's five dollar hat accidentally fell off, and the conductor, who no doubt was aware that the headgear was costly, out of respect for Mr. Lurmann, stopped the car and the hat was recovered. After the car was again started, all went well, but accidents will happen, you know; this time it was Miss Addison's hat (not a costly hat), but the conductor, the mean thing, didn't think it worth stopping the car for cheap stuff. It was ten o'clock when they arrived at Emory Grove. Miss Barry took them to greet her friends who are camping there. They spent about half an hour in inspecting the place, conversing, etc. Messrs. Butterbaugh, Mooney and Gill, got in trouble. They were gazing at a small post, which had a wire attached, but neither was in time to avoid stumbling over it. "Twas funny watching them fall; six feet in the air, and you couldn't have told which was which. After some difficulty they freed themselves, and not too soon, for the bell for the homeward ride rang. They were not all eager to return, they walked slowly to the cars, however, not because they wanted to, but because they had to. Some of them whistled as loud as they could and woke the farmers from their peaceful slumbers, but the deaf were unconscious of this, they were in for a good time, and a good time they had. Poor, tired farmers, the best friends of the deaf, had we but known it. Mr. Wessenberg tried to win the sympathy of the party by making believe that his hat had blown off, but it didn't work, because they knew that he had hid it under the seat. The return ride was all right until Baltimore was reached, then a down-pour came, and interfered with further pleasure. Not a few got home resembling drowned rats.

Among the deaf were the following: Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Whildin, Mr. and Mrs. Gill, Mr. and Mrs. P. Bois, Misses M. Schuman, R. Stern, E. Miller, A. Barry and her mother, B. Kriesel, Emma Schulte, Gertrude Ford, Cecilia Byrne, Theresa Byrne, A. Addison, C. Egerly, H. Rohner, Helen and Fannie Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Mendel, Messrs. George and Frank Leitner, E. Butterbaugh, Faulkner, J. Bull, Wm. McElroy, J. W. Briscoe, F. Lurmann, Wm. Tyre, Wm. Bomhoff, A. Bomhoff, J. Gorsuch, J. Kavanagh, C. Wess, C. Wernicke, J. Mooney, Dr. Baron, H. Addison, and others.

A letter from Washington, D. C., imparts the information that there will be a large crowd of deaf people from that city at Bay Ridge on the same day the deaf of this city will go there on an excursion—August 13th.

Mr. Chapin, a teacher of the West Virginia School for the Deaf, was seen in Bay Ridge last week. He was accompanied by several friends from Washington.

Miss Maggie Cooper, of Parkton, is visiting her two sisters in Woodberry, and will remain till after the picnic.

Mr. Amos, who works in the Government printing office, will soon go on a month's vacation, and will have a grand good time. The printers on a furlough always do.

Mr. Whildin's wife returned to Baltimore from Hurton, Md., where she intended to spend two months. The climate did not agree with her, so she returned home sooner than she expected, much to the delight of her husband.

It is said that the young ladies are going to have a leap-year trolley party. Well, we boys hope the ladies will pay the boys' fare.

The weather of the past week has been intensely hot, and old "general humidity" got in his tongs to the queen's taste. It will be well to remember that these are "dog days."

MYRTLE.

ST. LOUIS.

The Fingers of his Right Hand Cut Off.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC AN ENJOYABLE AFFAIR.

And a Large Budget of Interesting News of a Personal Character.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

A serious accident happened last week to Frank Merath, a well-known deaf-mute printer of Memphis, Tenn., which has incapacitated him of further following his profession unless he can use his left hand as dexterously. While attempting to catch a south-bound Iron Mountain freight near Hogan, Mo., he missed the handle bar and fell to the ground, the wheels passing over his entire four fingers of the right hand. Mr. Merath got little medical aid at Hogan, and was sent to the city Hospital in this city, where his index and middle fingers were amputated and the other two remaining badly smashed that they will probably also be amputated or left dead. It is said that the local Typographical Union is raising a fund to send him to the printers' home in Colorado Springs, to stay there till he gets well and is able to battle for his own resources.

The annual picnic given by the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club to Sunset Hill Grove, Meramec Highlands, Mo., July 11th, was a very enjoyable affair, and reflects very much on John H. May, who despite the high mercury and the great perspiration creeks down his face, worked hard for its success. So much did he look like saying:

"Shoe, fly I don't care neither me, For I am the Chairman!"

The other members of the committee labored equally well, and the prize games were highly amusing. In the evening the weather became as cool as the center seed of a cucumber, and by 9 o'clock all were homeward bound on a two hours' ride to the city, through a picturesque section of St. Louis County.

The glorious Fourth of July saw Charley Wolf indulge in an excursion up the river to Keokuk, Ia., and return. John J. Gill, Peter Hughes and George Byron spent two days in Louisiana, Mo., where they cast their searching July smiles upon Miss Lizzie K. Smith and a few other Pike County maidens. Harry Berwin was the guest of James Miller in Kansas City. "Tandem Sam" Perlmutter said he has never enjoyed the Big 4th better than the last. In his choicest suit of the season he hied down to Evansville, Ind., and spent two days in calling upon Miss Yetta Mayer.

Henry D. Mandeville, alias "Gilo," and his wife, nee Evelyn Davis, are domiciled in a flat boat at the foot of Dorcas Street. They arrived here about two months ago, having towed down the Missouri River from Kansas City in the boat of his own make. At Jefferson City, George Jackson, a gentleman of color, got aboard and helped them along to the city. Jackson is now working, but Mandeville is having some off and on jobs at printing. He may sell his boat and settle here, or float down to his old home in Natchez, Miss.

Mrs. Delos A. Simpson, relief of the St. Louis Day School's first principal, was in the city during the Republican Convention, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Congressman Linton, of Michigan, who was at a time being talked of as being the American Protective Association's candidate for President of the United States. It was regretted her stay was so brief that many of her old friends were unable to see her, especially the writer, who was once a pupil of her. She still teaches at the South Dakota School.

We have twelve bowners of the silent steed, and the first woman to join that conglomeration of pleasure-seekers is Miss Emma Schum who bought a wheel, Thursday. By next Spring we can confidently hope for at least fifteen more to join the brigade, as the bicycle fever around here is at the boiling point and their enthusiasm knows no bounds. The favorite route of our wheelmen for the evenings is from Grand on Lindell Boulevard into Forest Park.

Miss Yetta Mayer writes that she will be in St. Louis from Evansville, Ind., in the fall, bringing her bicycle along. It is for this reason that "Tandem Sam" intends to buy a Yale before she comes.

Ed. Kelling and Will H. Schaub

made a circuit on their steel ponies last Saturday, of St. Louis to Columbia, Ill., then through Millstadt to Belleville and hence to sweet home, a distance of sixty-one miles. They stopped in Columbia for the night, paying a visit to Misses Lida Wilson and Annie Tanze. The latter expects to resume her work in Jacksonville this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kerr are enjoying the proud distinction of having seen Wm. McKinley nominated for the Presidency on the gold side. They got into the Auditorium through the courtesy of a friend, and if they live to be a hundred years old they can not forget the wild scene and terrible noise that followed the nomination of the Canton Major. Mr. Kerr made a week of his visit here, returning to Toledo the same old creature you used to see with his ancient but beautiful flowing Piccadilly weepers, or Galway Sluggers. So sorrowful was he to leave this landscape of his love, that he said perhaps in the fall he'll be back.

Rev. J. H. Cloud is a pronounced gold-bug, and so demonstrated himself at the last public opinion meeting. He clearly defined the financial situation and problems, and many were gratified to be acquainted with the facts.

Over in Kansas City, the silent-dom is as dead as a mackerel. There are few of its patriots left, a good many having left it for other parts. No picnic for them this year. We have not seen anything of them in the papers. So there is not a soul left?

In a June issue, the *Record* contained an item by an amateur writer from this city to the effect that he "found the club-room locked, and on inquiry a fat woman told him that the club had been closed for two weeks." He is a very little fellow, begosh!

W. H. Schaub has moved to 2205 1/2 North 12th Street, and would like his friends to note it.

Granville Thraikill is inhaling Rocky Mountain air with his mother in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Hugh P. Lamb bobbed up in town Saturday for a period of twelve days. He has stuck a high feather in his cap about having secured one hundred and fifty more deaf-mute subscribers to his paper, the *Missouri Record*. Hughie voiced the sentiment of all concerned with the Institution in high praise of McKee, the new Superintendent from Indiana.

In partnership with his brother, William Williams has opened a new job-printing office in the McCasland Opera House, East St. Louis, which is bringing them an average profit of \$150 a month. They got \$250 from the Cyclone Relief fund on account of having their old office at 485 Broadway being blown down by the cyclone of May 27th, damaging everything but their two presses and a ton or so of "pie." Willie used to live in Lebanon, Ill.

James Gross is still fanning himself in leisure these dog days, stopping with his uncle at 741 Collinsville Avenue, East St. Louis.

Mr. Kelling must have endured more patience than Job did of old, a short time ago. Amid muddy roads and the rain, he rode on his wheel for about one hundred miles out of the way to his house in Carlyle, Ill. Then he threw up the sponge and returned here by rail.

The next marriage on the tapis, so it is currently reported, will be Willie Blackshaw to Miss Mary McFarland, who claims to be a sister of the St. Louis Browns' catcher.

Miss Louisa Kauffman is visiting friends here. She works as a domestic for Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sanders, of Springfield, Ill.

Miss Pearl Herdman left Saturday to be the guest of Miss Florence and Willie Phelps, at their country home in Carthage, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Minor will soon move bag and baggage to a small town in Kansas, where Phil will take his brother as a partner in a wagon-making shop. They are well known in Indiana.

Clyde Jones, of East St. Louis, and Will H. Schaub, are going to pedal on their Aluminum and Columbia wheels respectively a tour of Edwardsville, Litchfield and Springfield, to Jacksonville, Ill., and if convenient will stay over for another spin to Havana, Ill., where the deaf-mutes will hold forth their annual picnic on August 27th.

This is what the *Republic* has to say about the popular catcher of the St. Louis Browns:

"Most of the local fans, who are personally acquainted with Morgan Murphy, have noticed a peculiar way he has of working the thumb and fingers of his right hand forward and backward. He does this all the time, both in and out of the game. Some of the Browns thought it was some sort of a nervous affection of the hand, or that he did it to gain strength in the fingers. One of the players asked him about it in the dressing-room several days ago. 'What's the matter with that right hand of yours, Morgan?' was asked. 'Why, I got into the habit of moving my fingers that

way when I was with the Cincinnati Club,' said the catcher. 'Most of the Reds have a habit of writing out whatever they want to say to Dummy Hoy, but I got tired of this and picked up a little of the finger language for Dummy's especial benefit. The habit has stuck to me since, and I move my fingers unconsciously.' Now, when any of the players see Morgan's fingers going, they say: 'What are you talking to yourself about, Murph?'"

Mr. and Mrs. L. Kohlmeier, who were at last united last June are living in a cozy flat at 5006 a West Belle Ave.

Rev. J. H. Cloud rides his wheel daily on the hunt for new rooms. "It must be Sunny" is his motto.

John Stewart is preparing to enter the class of '01 at Gallaudet College, under Rev. Mr. Cloud at the Memorial Library.

Miss Molloy was surprised with a noble gathering of her acquaintances last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hellstern in Carondelet, who made up a party for her which lasted till the moon went down.

PHIL DEAN.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for August contains an article, "Headquarters of the Mission of Nankin," which gives a description of the work of the Sisters in China in the care of orphan children. It has this to say in one portion of the article:

"Before leaving the department of the orphans, a word must be said of a new labor that has been undertaken by the Sisters, in behalf of an afflicted portion of their charge. Among the little waifs and outcasts that find a home in the asylum, there are not a few deaf-mutes, that is, children who are mute in consequence of deafness. For the benefit of such, there arrived from France last year a Sister, who had received a special training in an institution of Paris as an instructor of deaf-mutes. By the patient application of the new methods, which have already proved successful for European languages, the good Sister has taught her little pupils to utter intelligible sounds and to read Chinese characters. She has been laboring under difficulties thus far, for, before knowing Chinese herself, she cannot dispense with the services of a Chinese mistress, which interferes materially with the efficiency of the method."

Writes Backward and Forward.

PROF. WALLACE, A DEAF AND DUMB GENIUS, HAS SOMETHING NEW.

St. Louis has a visitor in the person of Prof. Arthur Wallace, of Lemars, Ia., of the word genius alone fits. He is deaf and dumb, but has mastered an art that provokes both wonder and admiration. With slate and pencil he talks to the person he approaches with the rapidity of one who is not deprived of the power of speech, and with marvelous intelligence.

He stands facing the person he addresses, and with his slate inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees he writes backward and forward so that, as he writes, the person addressed reads and with his last word is ready for his answer. He entertained a large number of persons on the steps of the Federal Building with the wonderful feat on Saturday afternoon. His sentences are clear, crisp, and scholarly, and he writes with great rapidity. Withal he is modest in bearing and evidences pleasure only when he sees that his accomplishment is appreciated.

Prof. Wallace says that Bishop Sayer of the St. Louis diocese of mute churches is the only mute in the world besides himself who has mastered this art. And moreover, he says one can learn it as easily as he can learn to write in the ordinary way. The professor is evidently not over 25 years of age, and is up to date on all subjects.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

A Profitable Practical Joke.

A poor man became suddenly stone deaf, and thus lost the means of livelihood. Some charitable people therefore subscribed, and—without a touch of gentle sarcasm—bought him a barrel organ. After the man had been on his rounds a month or two one of the subscribers, a confirmed practical joker, surreptitiously removed the cylinder, so that the machine would not utter a sound. The organ-grinder, on the very first day he was out after this operation had been performed, brought back thrice the amount of money he usually took. Whether the people entered into the spirit of the joke, or whether the offerings may be attributed to public gratitude, is a question upon which it would be idle to speculate.—*Tid Bits*.

Hoy's Star Catch.

The real star play of the game was made in center field by Hoy. Denny Lyons drove the ball to deep center. Hoy sprinted hard, chased up the bank, and was all but ready to take a few steps up the ladder used by the score boy, when by a high jump he pulled down the fly with one hand. It had enough force to throw the little fielder off his balance, and he made three complete revolutions rolling down the bank. He held on to the ball, however, retiring the side.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

Deaf-Mute Wants to Be a Lawyer.

William Egan, a deaf-mute who lives in Alameda, Cal., wants to become a lawyer. He is educated and is a printer. He can speak some words, and he hopes to be able to take a course in some college for deaf-mutes which will enable him to understand spoken language and speak.—*N. Y. World*.

When fortune means to men most good she looks upon them with a threatening eye.—*Shakspeare*.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived.—*Colton*.

FANWOOD.

A Prose Poem on Midsummer.

FANWOOD DURING THE DOG DAYS.

Personal Items of Interest to All.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mid-summer again. We have been having very fine weather during the past week, in spite of the sudden storms, which are of frequent occurrence. People, who can afford it, do not care to remain in the hot, dusty city, during this part of the year. They seek the country, and spend the time rambling, through the cool shady lanes, and enjoy the restful quietness such places afford. Others prefer the seashore and the gaiety, which marks the average watering place. The deaf are "in the swim" too. They are met with nearly everywhere. Their deafness seems to be no barrier whatever, in the way of their having a good time. When a deaf-mute makes up his mind to enjoy himself, he usually succeeds. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, he oversteps the boundary line of law and order, and the result is that he is separated from his fellows for a while, and given a chance to cool off.

Messrs. William H. Reymann and Robert H. Grant, two graduates, who live in Sullivan County, N. Y., were at the Institution on Tuesday. They are on their vacation. They intend to visit places of interest in the city. So far they have been to the famous watering resort by the sea, which "A Quad" recently described in the *JOURNAL*, where any one whose pocket-book is not fat can go and have a good time. They will remain a week longer before returning home.

Tutor Shanks was dozing in a chair Thursday afternoon, unaware that a storm was approaching very rapidly. The sudden boom of the thunder, a vivid flash, a few large drops, and Mr. Shanks' quiet dreams were broken off. He scampered for shelter, and narrowly escaped a thorough drenching.

Arthur Izquierdo's "bike" is laid up for repairs. Arthur is not much of a wheelman, and his bike persisted in running into fences, etc., besides decorating his face the colors of the rainbow, the result of coming into contact with other things.

Mr. W. H. Van Tassel, left for his vacation last Thursday. He will spend it at Essex, N. Y., and no doubt will make frequent visits to Principal Currier's bungalow at Cannon Point, on the shore of Lake Champlain.

Tutor Shanks returned from his vacation, Wednesday afternoon. He reports a very enjoyable time, having taken in Buffalo and Niagara Falls on his return trip. He also spent a few days in Albany.

Nightwatch Hanson has shifted the responsibility to the shoulders of Mr. King, who has been spending his vacation in Cornell, N. Y. Mr. Hanson will probably spend the time somewhere in Long Island.

Miss Laura V. Frederick, '95, of Gallaudet College, was a visitor Tuesday morning, and was shown around Fanwood by Prof. Jones. She left for Bridgeport, Conn., on the 12.02 train.

Herman Probst, was upon his wheel Saturday evening, having pedaled all the way from Bridgeport, Conn. Robert Maynard also came over on his wheel Sunday afternoon.

Messrs. Muench and Izquierdo were with the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Baseball Team, to Tarrytown, last Saturday. They were defeated by the Club of that city. Score 9-23.

Information comes that George Hamm, who graduated from Fanwood in 1893, died in the Long Island College Hospital, after two days' illness, on Sunday, August 2d, at 3 P.M.

Tutor Burdick, who has had charge of the boys during Mr. Shanks' vacation, left for Perry, N. Y., on Friday morning.

Prof. Hall, of Gallaudet College, was a visitor at Fanwood Monday. The pupils were very glad to see him again.

Miss Agnes Craig is back from Philadelphia, exit Miss Divine for a few weeks' stay in the same city.

Messrs. Fox and Hodgson, attended the Empire State Association's Convention, last week.

Thursday's storm somewhat damaged the telephone switch-board. It is now being repaired.

Messrs. Conlon and Partington, former graduates were here Saturday.

J. H. K.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Trolley Party to Willow Grove.

THE OLDEST LITERARY SOCIETY.

Miss Eisele Not Engaged to R. R. Tweed--The News in Brief.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The Catholic De l'Epee Association of the Deaf gave a trolley party last Tuesday evening 28th ult., which was hugely enjoyed by those attending. The route was from 8th and Dauphin Streets to Germantown Ave., to 4th Street, to Walnut Street to 8th Street to Germantown Avenue and Willow Grove, the latter being the most popular pleasure resort in our immediate vicinity aside from Fairmount Park. One of its greatest attractions is a \$100,000 electrical fountain.

The car, Olivette which the party occupied, was beautifully decorated with light green bunting and numerous electric lights to match in color. The ride consumed two hours, and an hour was allotted to take in the sights at Willow Grove, the homeward run beginning at 11 P.M. Refreshments were served on the car during the runs the tickets which cost seventy-five cents each entitling all to them.

Both deaf and hearing, attended the deaf numbering about thirty-five, of which may be named the following: Michael Ryan, H. S. Stevenson, Eugene McCarthy, Wm. A. Weaver, Frank Weaver, H. G. Gunkel, S. E. Pollock, Jas. McGlency, Morris P. Lang, Harry Stoner, J. Kohlmann Jr., E. D. Hackett, J. S. Tate, Wm. Phillips, Solomon Bacharach, Chas. Amman, Albert Smith, Joseph Rival, Harry Schapier A. J. Sullivan, Mrs. M. Eaton, and Misses Mamie Reilly, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mary Lyons, Annie Fiebelkorn, Annie O'Rourke and sister, Lizzie Crowley, Mary McGahan and Annie Hackett.

Harry Stoner, Chairman and Messrs Wm. A. and Frank Weaver were the Committee on Arrangements. The affair netted the Association a profit of \$17.50.

On the up trip, as the car conveying the silent party sped merrily on a shower fell and in its midst a gust of wind lifted Mr. McCarthy's straw hat and sent it adrift to the ground. It would have been all right under ordinary circumstances, but being attired in a tatty suit with white duck trousers and with nothing to protect him from the elements, the pursuit of his lost property caused him no little dismay.

The following picnics have been announced in the State:

St. John, the Baptist's Mission, Re ding, Pa., at Carsonia Park on August 23d.

Grace Church's Mission of Allentown, Pa., at Rittersville on August 24th.

St. John's Mission, of York, Pa., at Yorkanna on August 15th.

All Souls' Working People's Club and Cleric Literary Association will enter upon its thirty-second year on September 22d next. It has been in continuous existence all that time, which is longer than any other similar society of the deaf can claim, we believe. The Manhattan Literary Association was established about a year before the Cleric Literary Association but it must be remembered that it was practically defunct, if not totally abandoned, for a period of about two years. In looking over the membership list we happen to find in Mr. Michael Higgins the oldest member. He was one of the original members of the Association and has faithfully associated himself with it to this day, a distinction which he alone enjoys.

For several years past Mr. Higgins has been holding the position of sexton of All Souls' Church, and a more obliging, conscientious and serviceable man than him could hardly be found. He is a shoemaker by trade, and, though well past middle life, attends to his various duties with remarkable activity.

Mrs. E. A. Steenrod, of Wheeling, West Va., writes to her friend, Mrs. Mary A. Rocay, of this city, that she had fully expected to attend the National Convention last June in company with Miss Bierce, of Cleveland, Ohio, but, finding that Miss Bierce was prevented from going by the sickness of her mother, and fearing to make the trip alone, gave it up. While on a visit to Pittsburgh over a year ago she broke her arm close to the shoulder-joint and it has never yet become strong. She is an ardent reader of the JOURNAL, having subscribed for it the past twenty-seven years.

Miss Mamie Reilly, of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her brother on Lehigh Avenue, and may remain till September.

We were informed that the brother-in-law of Miss Katie Eisele is authority for the statement that her reported coming marriage with Mr. Richard R. Tweed is erroneous, and that she had indignantly denied it to him.

Rev. J. M. Koehler's family is spending the summer in the vicinity of Scranton, while Rev. Mr. Koehler has been attending to his itinerary work. The Bishop has granted him a month's vacation, which he will avail himself of beginning this week. His health has been anything but good during the past few weeks when he has been troubled with catarrh of the bowels. We hope his vacation will afford him rest, abundant pleasure and good health. During his absence the services at All Souls' Church will continue as usual under the charge of Mr. Jas. S. Reider, whose address is 1818 Ridgway Terrace, Station C., Phila.

Mr. W. E. Grime, employed as gardener for Foster & Bros., is steadily recovering from an illness of four weeks' duration.

Mrs. M. J. Syle and children have gone to Ocean City for two weeks.

Miss Henrietta Evans will spend a good part of August among relatives at Pottsville, Pa.

It is quite likely that Philadelphia will be well represented at the picnic of the deaf of Reading at Carsonia Park.

Mr. Brannison, of this city, has announced his intention of attending the Rittersville picnic next Saturday.

Luck has again fallen into the hands of a young deaf man here. He recently bought two prize-drawing tickets at three cents each from a friend and has only been notified that he won the first prize for which he can have his choice of a ton of coal or five dollars in cash. The latter being easier to carry, he chose it.

Mr. Wm. McKinney has at last secured work in a book bindery, but he is unable to say at present if it will be steady. On Sunday, August 2d, he visited the "City by the Sea."

Mrs. J. J. Stevenson is visiting her niece at Haverford, Pa.

Mr. H. Leidy has gone to Atlantic City for a month.

Mr. Houston happened to meet a Prudential Life Insurance agent in Frankford who proved to be an adept in the use of the manual alphabet. He said he was a cousin of James Coyle, a deaf-mute of this city.

Prof. F. W. Booth returns with his family from Delaware Water Gap this week. Two weeks later he expects to go to Iowa on a visit to his parents. He may also visit in Michigan.

Miss Mary L. Lentz is at West Hampton Beach, L. I.

Miss Cora Ford has returned from her vacation and reports having had a delightful time up the State. She was near the Susquehanna River and naturally took to the sport of fishing. Her boast is in having caught eight bass. Say, "Ted," can any of the girls a Greater New York beat this?

Nearly all hands at the Mt. Airy school are off on their vacation at now. The following left last Saturday: Miss Susie McKinney, who has gone to Trenton, N. J.; Miss Eliza Longbridge and sister, who seek rest at their parents' home near Bethlehem, Pa.; Miss Broderick, who looks for pleasure in Schuylkill County; Miss Dawson, who is accompanied by Miss Zuest to Bloomsburg, Pa.; Miss Schroeder, who joins her parents in the romantic town of Pine Grove, Pa. (your correspondent's own native town); Miss Ready, who whiles away her time at Reading, Pa.

Miss Agnes Craig has returned to New York.

Mr. J. Dorfner at one time, and Messrs. W. Houston and H. S. Stevenson at another, during the past week, paid visits to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Durian at Lansdowne, Pa.

David B. Glenn, who had been visiting his sister, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, at Merchantville, N. J., for several weeks, returned to his home in Carlisle, Pa., last week. Mr. Glenn has only lately taken a fancy to the art of photography, and is rapidly learning its mysteries.

Herman Lewin enjoyed a day at Atlantic City recently.

Part of the Dobson's Mills resume operation to-day (Monday), and Miss Sarah Greenly is happy in consequence.

An error over which we had no control appeared in our last letter. Our manuscript was right but there was an omission in printing. In the games of All Souls' Club, R. E. Underwood was starter; Thomas Breen, judge; and H. E. Stevens, scorer.

J. S. R.
PHILA. Aug. 3d, 1896.

Fine feelings, without vigor or reason, are in the situation of the extreme feather of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.—Fosder.

COLUMBUS.

A Midsummer Wedding in Xenia.

AN EXCURSION TO THE HOME.

Edward Slinn, of New York, in Columbus--A Cyclone-Like Storm--Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Several persons in the city received neatly printed cards Saturday, announcing the marriage of Mr. John Pershing, of Springfield, Ohio, to Miss Lida Parlett, of Xenia. The news was somewhat of a surprise to many, nevertheless congratulations are extended, and the hope of a prosperous, happy union.

Mr. Pershing graduated from here a few years ago, and has occasionally conducted religious exercises in several towns of the State, under the denomination of the Baptist Church. His bride attended school a few years here though not graduating.

The *Enquirer*, of Saturday, contains the following account of the wedding:

XENIA, Ohio, July 24.—A wedding, unique in some of its features, took place in this city yesterday. The contracting parties were Mr. Pershing, of Springfield, Ohio, and Miss Lida Parlett, of this city. The couple were both deaf, and that fact made it necessary to depart somewhat from the usual order in performing the marriage ceremony.

Rev. E. G. Ramsay, of the First U. P. Church, was the officiating minister, and the following was the plan pursued in using these two, who could neither hear his voice nor make responses in the ordinary way:

A type-written copy of the ceremony was held up before them and they followed with the eye while the minister traced the words with a pencil and pronounced them for the benefit of the company. If not for the pair themselves. That order was observed until the direct questions of the ceremony were reached and then Mr. Pershing, Sr., father of the bridegroom, translated these questions into the sign language as they were spoken by the preacher. A nod, which was clear enough in its meaning and given by the bridegroom, signified assent, and they were then declared to be husband and wife.

Refreshments followed the ceremony and after supper both bride and the groom entertained the guests by recitations in the sign language. These were remarkable exhibitions of acting and pantomime; for it was possible for one who knew the piece recited to follow it through simply by the facial expression and suggestive gestures of the mute before him.

Miss Cloa Lamson, who came here from Gallaudet College in June to pass her vacation, left for home Friday. About two weeks ago she was taken sick and it was thought best that entire rest from work in the bindery would soon restore her.

Mr. Zorn who has been in town since his return from the National Convention, taking pictures, has packed up his camera and with it gone to his home up in Wood County, to pass the remainder of the vacation.

Miss Mary Clark of the teaching force, was a visitor at the Institution Sunday, going from here to Marion for a visit to Mrs. Young nee Nagle.

Word was received here the first of last week that Messrs. Elias Myers and Benedict, of Canton, Towner of Cleveland, Philpott and Powell, of Akron, would be down on a certain day to visit the Home and Minerva Park, and requested that notice of their coming should be announced to the deaf. In accordance to this, Misses Biggam, Bard, Cydrus, Dickson, Dresbach, Kayser, Heyl, Littell, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Willing, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Messrs. Elsey, Schwartz, Boggart and several others rode out to the Park on the day in question. In vain did they look for the Northern Ohio party. It is not likely any of them will venture out there again when requested to do so by outsiders unless they are certain, parties asking them to come will be on hand. While the visitors were missed, those who were at the park enjoyed a little fresh country air and seeing a colored quartet singing.

Saturday afternoon, a deaf-mute named Edward Slinn made his appearance at the Institution. The first person he inquired for was Samuel Hutton, the pupil who took French leave from the New York School last Spring. Slinn came here direct from St. Louis, where he claims to have worked in a printing office the past three weeks. Says he is a pupil of the New York Institution and that he works in the JOURNAL office. Since vacation began, he said, he had also worked for a while in a printing office in Buffalo. He left here for Washington, D. C.

This has been a week of storms in Columbus. Monday evening about seven o'clock a severe one bordering on the cyclonic nature visited the city. Many shade tree branches were blown down in the yard, and along the Institution walk on Town Street. The sky light over the chapel stage was swept away, and a large galvanized tin chimney pipe above the chapel was blown down, and now finds a

resting place in the east court. There was a heavy fall of rain accompanying the storm and after the skylight was blown away a great deal of water came in on the stage. Our sister institution, the blind also suffered considerably from the damage to trees; a portion of a tin roof on the building, was also knocked off. Wednesday there was another storm, but the injury to trees and buildings was less.

Mrs. A. B. Greener and two youngest children are back from a week's visit to the country.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Emma Baid recently accompanied a cheap excursion to Findlay, and visited relatives and friends there.

Miss Mary Moore, of the bindery force was called home yesterday. Her mother has been seriously sick for some time and the worst is feared.

Mr. Fred. Schwartz is assisting temporarily in the printing office as there is a rush of work from the State Board of Agriculture.

A. B. G.

Aug. 1, '95.

THE BICYCLE.

We devote this issue of the *Silent Worker* to the honor of the bicycle—the individual locomotive, the messenger boy made perfect, the physician without powders or pills, the enfranchiser of the new woman, the race horse of the fiery scorchers and the solace of the elderly man.

We live in an age of wonders indeed—Frail Bacon's brazen head that talked is made real for us in the telephone, and the story of the winged horse has come true in the bicycle. Laughed at at first as a passing whim, every season since the invention of the "safety" bicycle has seen its use extended wider, and brought into practical service in new directions.

Economical and social questions have had a new face put on them by the application of the bicycle to their several fields. The relative value of suburban and of centrally located residence property, the market for horses, the proper dress for women to appear in on the street, and in connection with this the whole "woman question," are some of matters in determining which the bicycle has taken a hand with much effect. When it comes to soldiering, too, the strategist must take into account the part to be played by the "silent steed," (although that phrase, with "delicious bivalence," as applied to the oyster, ought to fall into "innocuous desuetude").

A force of bicycle cavalry, in a country of decent roads, could easily double the

"Forty miles a day,
On oats and hay,
In the regular army, O!"

which the song alludes to as a hard day's march for mounted troops.

It is not only those who use the wheel themselves who derive in some way benefit from its use. The wheelmen have been and are the greatest in the country in favor of good roads. In this respect the United States, with all its progressiveness, is just about one hundred years behind the rest of the civilized world. A good country road, as the term is understood in France or Germany or England, hardly exists in this country, except in Northern New Jersey and in the immediate vicinity of Boston and perhaps of a few other large cities. But as bicycle riders now number in the millions and as every one is a convert to the gospel of good roads, it is probable that we shall reform all that.

We can look back a few years and find a Right Reverend Bishop authoritatively announcing that it was unseemly and immodest for a woman to ride a bicycle, but as the Frenchman said: "The Revolution has rolled over all that."

No doubt the time is coming when everybody will use the bicycle; when in consequence, the amount of fun will be doubled and doctors' bills will be cut in half; when good roads and good digestions will be as common as the opposites are now, and when the leading means of local transportation, like this paper which treats of it, shall be this smooth shod, lightning-like "Silent Worker."

Weston Jenkin's Editorial in *Silent Worker*.

Deaf-Mute at Miskin Manor.

On Monday the deaf-mutes of the Rev. E. Rowland's missionary district were entertained by his Honour Judge and Mrs. Gwilym Williams. There was a large number from Dowlais, Merthyr, Aberdare, Pontypridd, Rhondda Valley, &c. The children of the School Board Schools of Porth and Pontypridd, with their teachers, joined the company as the Pontypridd T. V. R. Station. At Cross Inn they took the road to Miskin Manor, where they were cordially received by Judge and Mrs. Williams. They were conducted to the coach-house, which was gaily decorated with flowers, and tables were richly spread. The kind-hearted Judge and his lady were diligent and active for the comforts of the afflicted guests. After the dinner was enjoyed the Judge took the

mutes to his field, where cricket and football games were indulged in. The visitors present were Mr. Lenox, J. P., the general treasurer of Glamorgan Missions to the Deaf and Dumb, and Mrs. Lenox; Rev. J. P. Hughes, vicar of Llantrisant; Rev.—Williams, curate, and Mrs. Williams; Mr. F. R. Crawshaw, J. P., and Mrs. Crawshaw, Mrs. David Williams, Henstaff Court, &c. At 4.30 the deaf-mutes assembled for tea. Afterwards his Honour the Judge addressed the mutes through Mr. Humphrey Williams, the able interpreter; so did Mr. Lenox and Rev. J. P. Hughes. Mr. Rowland, the missionary, likewise addressed the mutes, and Mrs. Lenox read his written speech to the visitors. Mrs. D. Williams promised a pic-nic for next year at Henstaff Court, which gave much pleasure. After passing a vote of thanks to Judge and Mrs. Williams for their great kindness, the happy mutes left for their homes.—*Wales Echo*, July 8.

Cheating the Treasury.

Frauds on the redemption division of the Treasury are constantly being tried. What are called "drawer scraps" are presented almost every day with demands for new money in exchange. There are torn-off fragments of notes which are found in tills and cash drawers. A young man employed in a New York bank once sent in a boxful of them, claiming \$200. They were the result of many sweepings carefully accumulated. Unfortunately they represented \$1,000 or more, if anything, and the youth was lucky to escape prison. An Ohio woman not long ago mailed to the Treasury a number of rolled-up pellets of paper, which she said represented a five-dollar note torn up by a child. The pellets were straightened out and found to be thirteen center strips cut lengthwise from as many five-dollar bills. It is hardly necessary to say that the woman got nothing in return. People seem to think that Uncle Sam is precious green; at the same time the redemption division does get cheated now and then, undoubtedly.

Late in the year 1892 it was discovered in the redemption division that the full number of \$500 notes of the series of 1874 had been redeemed. Nevertheless, notes of this series were still coming in for redemption. At first it was thought that there had been an oversight by some strange mistake. Accordingly all of these notes from the customary destruction and their numbers were registered for the purpose of seeing if duplicates would appear. But no duplicates did appear, and it is now believed that the trouble arose from an error on the part of the officials appointed to act as a destruction committee. They must have made a mistake in their record of notes destroyed, putting down the figures 1874 instead of some other year.—*Philadelphia Times*.

A Question of Room.

He looked troubled as he pushed two matinee tickets through the box office window and asked:

"Can you give me two more seats next to these?"

The ticket seller hastily looked through a bundle of tickets that he took from one of the little pigeon-holes in front of him and shook his head.

"I can give you two seats just in front of them," he said.

"Won't do," replied the man in front of the window. "Can you take these back and give me four in the row just ahead?"

"No; there are only two left there," answered the ticket seller.

"I don't see how I am going to arrange it," said the man who wanted the tickets, thoughtfully. "I must have three seats together."

"Three!" exclaimed the ticket seller. "I thought you wanted four together."

"I do," returned the other, "but that isn't absolutely necessary. If I can get three together, I can sit somewhere else myself."

"I should think it would be pleasanter to divide the party evenly," suggested the man in the box office.

"It would," admitted the man outside of it, "but it can't be done. You evidently don't understand the case. You see, I bought these tickets with the intention of taking a young lady to the matinee, and it never occurred to me that I would need more than two seats."

"Overlooked the chaperon, I suppose?"

"Chaperon nothing! When I pay for a chaperon there'll be skating in August. I overlooked the fashions—that's what I overlooked. I saw her last night in the gown she expects to wear, and now I am trying to buy a seat for each of the sleeves. That's why I must have at least three seats in a row. If you can give them to me, trot them out; if you can't say so, and I'll send word to her that I'm sick and give my tickets to some one else?"—*Philadelphia*.

A general sets his army in array in vain, unless he fights and wins the day.—*Denham*.

The Alphabet at Sea.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—An article which appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL under the caption of "Long Distance Alphabet" recalls some information on the subject, which may not be generally known to your readers. A son of the late Admiral Dacres, R. N., himself a practical seaman and ex-"tar" of the Queen's navy, told me that the navy had a regular full-arm alphabet, which was in constant use as a means of communication between ships of a squadron, the telescope being used at long range to distinguish the different letters, and a signal given to denote that the message was understood or not, as the case might be. He was able to show me the different letters in use during his time of service, and they were easily recognizable by their resemblance to the printed characters.

I do not know whether our own navy makes use of such an alphabet, but I believe that any of the Brooklyn or New York deaf can easily ascertain by a call at the navy yard. Whatever means has been adopted, it can certainly not be "word of mouth," and must be some method, which appeals to the vision alone. Will not one of your enterprising New York reporters "interview" someone at the yard, and give the JOURNAL readers the benefit of the facts thus ascertained? W. W. B.

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason, that passion alone in the trouble of it exceeding all other accidents.—*Montaigne*.

Sure there is none but fears a future state; and when the most obdurate swear they do not their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongue.—*Dryden*.

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